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In Memoriam

Mrs. Daniel K. Pearsons



Affectionately dedicated to Dr. D. K. Pearsons, whose loyalty
to principle, benefactions to Christian institutions,
and devotion to his wife, have exalted him
in the esteem of all Christian
women. • • E. M. C.

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HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Mrs. Marietta Chapin Pearsons

Born August 21st, 1819

Died March 30th, 1906

MRS. MARIETTA CHAPIN PEARSONS, beloved wife of Dr. D. K. Pearsons, died at the family residence in Hinsdale Friday evening, March 30th, at eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Pearsons was born August 21st, 1819, at Springfield, Mass., and was the eldest of seven children. Her father, Deacon Giles Chapin, descendant from an old Huguenot family, was a man noted for his sterling worth, strong convictions, his zeal for missionary enterprises, and his readiness in adding the weight of his strong influence to the many moral and religious reforms of his day. His was a home where the highest ideals were encouraged, for mother and father were of the same mind. In this Christian family Mary Lyon came and went sure of welcome and encouragement.

Besides the training and educating of his own family, he gave a home and education to several homeless children, his large heart and hospitable fireside affording welcome and aid whenever the appeal seemed worthy. Brought up under such parentage, Mrs. Pearsons early imbibed that philanthropic and missionary spirit that has actuated her life. And when, on the 17th of August, 1847, she was joined in marriage to the successful young physician whose name has since become known the world over, the two became mutual helpers, strengthening and encouraging each other in all that to them seemed noblest and best. No children came to bless this marriage, but Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons have given a home and comfort to more than one needy, homeless child.

As mature life brought wealth and opportunity, the two enterprises—missionary work and Christian education—

seemed to offer to them the grandest possibilities by which to put into concrete effect that which had always been the ruling passion of their lives. In pursuance of these principles the beloved husband was encouraged and advised in his life effort toward aiding poor but worthy students and colleges, while she herself directed her wealth and energy to the uplifting of heathen peoples.

For twenty years or more she has supported four missionaries in various foreign lands, and in her travels and studies has carefully acquainted herself with the needs of missionary work. To Anatolia College, at Marsovan, Turkey, she has been a generous helper. She built for them a woman's dormitory named the Hannah Pearsons Home in honor of her husband's mother, and each year a large donation has come to Professor Tracy from her hands. The climax was reached last fall, when Dr. Pearsons, in his wife's name, gave \$50,000 to the American Board of Foreign Missions as an endowment for this college.

In 1851 the Doctor, accompanied by his wife, made his first trip west, and in 1857 settled permanently in this neighborhood. Meanwhile, in 1855, they had gone abroad and spent a year of travel in Europe, when a trip abroad was by no means the easy jaunt it is today.

During Mrs. Pearsons' life in Chicago not only her wealth but her time and strength were spent for the cause she had at heart. She personally assisted in the teaching of Chinese boys in a mission school she had helped to found, and when in 1886 the beautiful Pearsons home was finished and the family had taken possession, three Chinese boys who had come out to visit their adored teacher sat down and partook with them of the first meal eaten in their new Hinsdale home.

Mrs. Pearsons had a sunny, happy temperament, and although appearing frail, her strong will and good sense have moulded and directed greatly the achievements of her illustrious husband, who confided in her judgment and to whom she looked with trustful devotion, amounting almost to adoration.

To her, living meant growing into a more vital relation

with God, and to this end she consecrated her powers and her means.

It was just a year ago, shortly before leaving their winter home at Biloxi, Miss., that the illness which has since proved fatal first attacked Mrs. Pearsons. But death possessed no terrors for her, whose life had been so unreservedly devoted to the Master's cause, and she met it with serene resignation. To her shall surely be given the "fruits of her hands," and her "own works shall praise her in the gates."

The Funeral Services

THE funeral services of Mrs. D. K. Pearsons, held at the family residence, Sunday, April 1st, were very beautiful and impressive. The day was the fairest that Spring can grant and when the hour for the service arrived, the house was filled to overflowing with warm-hearted, sympathizing friends. The choir of the Congregational church opened the services by singing "Nearer My God to Thee." Dr. Carr of the Congregational church and Dr. Wallace of the Presbyterian church conducted the services jointly. Dr. Wallace's eulogy of Mrs. Pearsons was very beautifully expressed. He said that her generous benefactions and charitable endeavors were not for the exploitation of her great wealth or to draw attention to herself, but were effected in the belief that God expects human aid in carrying out his purpose of saving the world.

He called attention to the Savior's appreciation of women, his commendation of the poor woman who dropped the two mites into the treasury and His like appreciative words concerning the woman, undoubtedly wealthy, who broke the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, and therewith annointed His head; of these devoted women the Savior had only words of praise and approval. During the ages since, women have ever been foremost in their love and devotion, and ever eager to carry His gospel to those ignorant of its blessedness. The disciples also found much to praise in this attitude of helpfulness in woman, and without question the efforts and achievements of Mrs. Pearsons, her self forgetfulness and bounty, like the box of precious ointment are a sacrifice of sweet savor to the Master and will receive His loving recognition, acceptance and praise.

Dr. Wallace spoke of her long membership of twenty-five years with the First Presbyterian church of Chicago, where she did her share and more in the building up of

that influential community, her earnest sympathy with the missionary boards and munificent gifts toward the work in heathen lands. His conception of her life and character seemed well embodied in the words of Gladstone, which the speaker quoted.

"I live for those that love me,
For those that love me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

During the service Dr. Carr read many beautiful Bible extracts which seemed peculiarly fitting as applied to Mrs. Pearsons, and he also spoke at length on her many and noble achievements. Her work of ten years among the Chinese in Chicago. The missionaries she had supported from her private purse, the buildings she had erected and endowed for educational work in foreign lands, particularly in Turkey, and for the influence she exercised in causing her illustrious husband to search out and endow, poor but worthy colleges, throughout our land.

To such an extent has the Doctor practiced this search for good and needy colleges, so thorough is his knowledge and so accurate his judgment that he is looked upon as an expert. Wealthy men follow in his footsteps as their pioneer, confident of his judgment and sure of no false investment. He felt sure that in no small measure was the Doctor's fame and success in this life due to the gentle little woman at his side, whose heart was ever alert and eager to accomplish something worth while for the good of humanity and the honor of her Lord and King. During this dignified and appropriate service of prayers, scripture readings and addresses, the choir sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Jesus Lover of My Soul." the latter, Mrs. Pearsons' favorite hymn.

The floral tributes sent in sympathy and affection to the bereaved husband were very beautiful. There were several exquisite pieces, among them a floral cross, sent by

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Laflin Smith of Chicago. A handsome wreath of the rarest flowers from the Art Institute, one from the ladies of the Presbyterian Board of the Northwest, one from the trustees of Beloit College, and one from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Granger Logan of Chicago. There were also fitting floral tributes from the Woman's Missionary society of Hinsdale and from private friends. The spacious rooms of the Pearsons home were filled with guests, who had come to show their profound appreciation of the beautiful life just ended.

It was a distinguished gathering. There were men noted for learning, prominent in the business world and famous in philanthropic and religious circles. Among these were observed Prof. Payne from Carleton College, Minn., and Pres. Chamberlain of McKendrie College, the oldest seat of learning in this state. From Beloit came Profs. Collie and Smith, with Trustees Pitkin of Oak Park and Logan of Chicago. There was Mr. Carpenter from the Art Institute and President George, Prof. H. M. Scott and others from Chicago Theological Seminary. There was also Rev. and Mrs. Adams from Bethlehem church, Chicago, and many others, whose names have a more than local prominence. Of the members of the family present, Miss Meta Chapin was the only near relative. There were some, however, who are closely connected with the family. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Evanston and their sister, Miss Dolliver of Fort Dodge, Iowa. There were also those with whom the Doctor has been closely related in business for many years. The pall bearers were chosen from the officers of the Congregational church, and were Deacons Shaw, Haskell, Murray and Clark, and also Mr. Merrill and Mr. Crossette. Mrs. Pearsons was the last one left of her family and beside the bereaved husband the only relatives living are nieces and nephews.

The services at the grave were very simple, a few scripture verses appropriate to death and the resurrection were spoken by Dr. Wallace, ending with the sublime words, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" Dr. Carr then surrendered the body to the

grave with the customary words of the church and in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Thus, beside her beloved sister, Mrs. Pearsons is laid to rest, while returning birds, reviving flowers and the breath of coming spring plainly tell of the new life, which God will surely give to His beloved.

Memorial Service and Addresses

MEMORIAL services were held at the Congregational Church, Hinsdale, Sunday afternoon, April 8th, at which the pastor, Rev. E. S. Carr, D. D., presided.

Rev. W. J. Clark read from Mark, fourteenth, the story of the woman and her cruze of ointment; and also led in an opening prayer. Addresses followed, which, somewhat abbreviated, are as follows:

Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, Ph. D., secretary of the American Board, addressed the gathering in behalf of that organization:

DEAR FRIENDS:—We are assembled to-day under the shadow of a sorrow which will not soon depart from us. Many years ago, to one of our leading Chicago citizens who had just been called to mourn the departure of his father, a distinguished friend said: "This day will grow larger as you leave it." Thus it is that we do not at first realize the magnitude of our loss at such a time as this, and so our sense of loss grows, rather than abates, as the days go by.

It is one of the mysteries of existence that hearts and lives which have grown increasingly together through many years, whose attachment by every bond of confidence and affection has only grown more firm by all the tests of time and trial, should at length seem to be sundered by what we call death. And this mystery will not wholly disappear until that which is perfect is come, and that which is in part shall be done away.

I suppose that when we think deeply we shall agree that while all true nobility of life is expressed in terms of benevolent action, the *quality* of mercy rises in the scale in proportion as its object is lowly and helpless and unable to make return. I am sure that this divine quality of sympathy found a place in her whose life and work we commemorate to-day.

Far beyond the Atlantic, beyond the Mediterranean, in the Western part of the Turkish Empire, among a people persecuted but vigorous, and by no means to be despised, there stands to-day, as a center of light in a field of gloom, a Christian college. Through twenty years of toil and prayer its friends have struggled to build it up and make it an instrument of blessing. Following the awful whirlwind of riot and massacre which swept over that land a decade ago, homeless girls and boys by scores and hundreds sought the protection and the advantages which such an institution, it was hoped, would afford. So they gathered from hill and valley and mountain. But there was no room for them. It was, I understand, by a somewhat indirect yet providential way that Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons learned of the situation. I well remember the circumstances under which a generous gift was bestowed in order that better accommodations might be provided. Then followed the endowment of a chair of mathematics and astronomy. But this increase of equipment, as is always apt to be the case, served to lay new demands upon the growing college. Its sphere was enlarging. Students by the hundred were coming from seventy towns and from fourteen of the twenty-nine provinces of the Turkish Empire. A long-desired but yet unfinished endowment became a matter more urgent than ever. So it was that during the past year the friend whom we honor to-day provided a further munificent gift of Fifty Thousand Dollars, thus placing the endowment beyond any uncertainty and setting the college upon its feet. Great was the joy of President Charles C. Tracy and a multitude of friends. In the last catalogue of Anatolia College there is a full-page view of a mass meeting of students and faculty, crowding the windows, balconies, steps and yard, and at which was adopted a letter of thanks to their benefactors for this good gift, which at once more than doubled the college endowment.

I do not speak of these things because our loved and honored friend would have desired that they should be mentioned, but because the faculty and students of the college, and likewise the officers and friends of the American

Board would desire to have them spoken of and remembered.

Such a life as we honor to-day comes very near to realizing the essential quality and purpose of life itself. It is certain that such a life—and only such a life—*abides*. Not only have forces been set at work which shall continue on and on while time endures, but the secret of that holy life of loving service has been found which is hid with Christ in God, and which shall be revealed in fuller glory when “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.”

Prof. H. M. Scott, representing Chicago Theological Seminary, said:

“The only saying of our Lord not found in the Gospels is that preserved by the Apostle, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ There is no joy so rich and rare as that which springs from true giving. The man who receives frequently feels a slight sense of humiliation, or, perhaps, a twinge of unworthiness; but the generous benefactor experiences nothing but satisfaction and the exhilaration of being able to meet the needs of his fellows. He is a sharer already of the joys of his Lord; for, while still upon the earth, he is partaking of the bliss of heaven. The giving of God is boundless, exuberant, endless. The light that goes forth from the sun is a million times greater than is needful to illumine our planetary system. The flowers that cover the earth extend far beyond man’s uses and enjoyment of them. The heavens and the seas are full of beauties and treasures which our intelligence cannot explore or fathom. In similar largeness of spirit and outlook the good man gives; for he shares the purposes of God and the mind of Christ.

What the Pearsons’ family did for Chicago Theological Seminary would take more than all the time of this service to tell. I must confine myself to the part distinctly taken in it by Mrs. Pearsons. There are in that institution, besides the Seminary proper, three foreign institutes—the German, the Danish-Norwegian and the Swedish. It was

to this branch of our work that the attention of Mrs. Pearsons was turned some thirteen years ago. At that time no permanent provision had been begun for its support, and she led the way by offering the first endowment in this department of our work. She gave \$30,000 to provide for one of the instructors in the Danish-Norwegian Institute; and, during all these years, it is not wide of the truth to say that about half the work done in this Institute has flowed from her benefaction.

When she made her gift there were only twelve Norwegian Congregational Churches in the country. Now there *are forty-five churches and twenty missions*. Most of these are a direct outgrowth of the work of the Seminary. Half of these churches—twenty-three—have come into existence through the contributions of Mrs. Pearsons; and, as long as they live and are doors of hope to men, so long will grateful hearts appreciate what she made possible.

Since she endowed part of this work, forty-four students have gone forth from the Institute to preach the gospel. At least half of these drew their support and instruction from the provisions made for them by the gifts of this good woman. They are preaching all over this country, in Norway and Denmark, and in foreign fields. There is one in China, one in Japan, and two have just decided to go to Venezuela to establish a mission among Roman Catholics, who, in their ignorance and superstition, are little better than heathen.

One of the instructors in this Institute is managing editor of a Norwegian Congregational paper, published weekly in 5,000 copies, which circulate all over America and go also to Scandinavian lands. At least half of this work drew its beginning from the gifts of Mrs. Pearsons. Who can estimate the far-reaching influence of such an agency for good?

And now she rests from her labors; while her works follow her, we see them still passing as "a cloud of witnesses" testifying to the blessedness of a loving, benevolent Christian giver. I met Mrs. Pearsons only a few times in my life, and remember her chiefly as a quiet, happy-faced,

mild-spoken Christian woman. But every day for years I have seen her good works. In voice of teacher, in replies of students, in meetings for prayer, in missionary conferences, in printed works, in financial aid to poor students, in all the many-sided activities of Christian education her spirit has been felt and the blessings of her benefactions appreciated.

Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., of Oak Park, representing missionary enterprises in our own country, told of Mrs. Pearsons' interest in Berea college, Kentucky.

It has been said that every bullet which strikes down a soldier on the battlefield speeds on its cruel way and stops not till somewhere it smites the heart of a woman. In all this great, sad world, where men are dying every minute, hardly a man falls but the heart of some woman, mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, breaks at his fall. And no good woman leaves the world but the heart of some man is touched; some home is darkened or closed; some group of lives is made sad.

The world is publicly and aggressively masculine. Men fight the battles, men subdue the wilderness, men write the histories that proclaim their own heroic achievements. But a greater part than the world often recognizes of the motive power that sways the potent arm of manhood is in the love and inspiration of good women.

If to-day two score of Christian colleges are facing the future with new faith because of timely benefactions, if many hundreds of young lives have been helped into larger possibilities of usefulness; if an object lesson of economy and stewardship in the use of wealth has been taught to our country and the world, the reason is not alone that Dr. Pearsons had money in the bank for the cashing of his checks; it was also that he had in his home a constant monitor and trusted advisor, suggesting, assisting, inspiring those deeds which the world applauds. The world knows him, and his monument already is standing on many a college campus; but to-day let her works praise her in the gates, for without her it would never have been done.

There is a very old poem, written by an unknown queen of the olden time, which for its beauty and wisdom has attached itself to the proverbs of Solomon. Its theme is the beauty and preciousness of true womanhood:

A worthy woman who can find?
For her price is above rubies,
The heart of her husband trusteth
in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her
hands.
She is like the merchant-ship;
She bringeth her bread from afar.
She stretcheth out her hand to
the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her
hands to the needy.
Her husband is known in the
gates,
When he sitteth among the elders
of the land.
Strength and dignity are her
clothing;

And she laugheth at the time to
come.
She openeth her mouth with
wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her
tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of
her household,
And eateth not the bread of idle-
ness.
Her husband praiseth her, saying,
"Many daughters have done
worthily,
But thou excellest them all."
Grace is deceitful, and beauty is
vain;
But a woman that feareth Jehovah,
she shall be praised,
Give her of the fruit of her
hands;
And let her works praise her in
the gates.

I trust that I shall not seem to violate the proprieties of this occasion if I relate one incident which it was my good fortune to witness, and which illustrated her power and goodness quite as well as if it been multiplied.

It will be three years in November next since a Sunday which I spent, in part, in their home, that I might have an opportunity to bring to Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons the new information which in the preceding week I had brought from Berea college concerning the need of a system of waterworks; and I wrote Dr. Pearsons for what purpose I was coming. He told me to come on, but added that he would not undertake the work at that time. The subject was not new to him. It had been presented by President Frost, by Dr. Pearsons' old friend, Mr. Addison Ballard, and also by myself. He was already convinced that it ought to be done, but not that he ought to do it.

Dr. Pearsons heard my story with interest, but declined to undertake the work. He gave good reasons for it. It was different from anything he had done. The cost was uncertain and might exceed the estimates. He had two pledges falling due in a month, and the market was falling so that he intended to borrow a hundred thousand dollars rather than sell any stocks at the depressed values. It was not good business prudence to engage at that time in any new ventures. He had already given Berea \$100,000 for its endowment ; some one else must construct the water-works.

All this sounded very reasonable ; nay, from the standpoint of mere business prudence it was reasonable. It was what a careful business man might have been expected to say. Nor did he change his word to me when I told him of the danger from fire and disease which made the call imperative and immediate.

Mrs. Pearsons listened to all our conversation, asking a few direct and intelligent questions, and taking little part in the conversation. She did not at any point contradict what her husband was saying, nor oppose her judgment to his own. And yet I left confident that her heart had been won. The very next day Dr. Pearsons wrote me, asking me to meet him in the city, and then and there he told me, and a little later told Mr. Ballard and myself together, that he had decided to do the work, and that we might proceed with our plans for the undertaking. * * * In the months that followed it was my privilege to forward to the treasurer at Berea checks aggregating fifty thousand dollars, which were larger than any checks commonly in my possession. The name signed to those checks was that of D. K. Pearsons, but on each one I read her unwritten endorsement. And I know that as the work made progress toward its happy consummation, no one rejoiced more than she to know the good which it accomplished.

Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons gave their money largely to institutions, but she was chiefly interested in persons. She had received good training in her youth, and she was interested in young people, especially young women.

In her last years she had a special interest in the young women of the Kentucky mountains. For five years there was always one of these, sometimes two, in her home. They were students of Berea, brought from their mountain homes to that institution and thence to her home. To these young women she was a friend and a mother. And her kindness returned upon her own head. For all through her last illness these faithful mountain girls ministered to her, and one of them was with her during all the closing hours and smoothed her pillow when she lay down for her last rest. Something of the fruit of her labors returned into her own home, and gave daily illustration till her last day on earth, of the value of what her work had been.

Mrs. Pearsons has gone, and left behind a lonely man who for nearly sixty years has found his life in hers. Not many years can he remain, though he should be spared to the good old age of his ancestors. His will be the joy of finishing the work which they together began, and which they continued for nearly three score years. In this work he cannot be utterly lonely, for he will have the companionship of her gracious spirit, and will see the abundant reward of their united labors.

Miss Margaret J. Evans of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., spoke as follows:

Yet once more, yet once more we come to place a laurel wreath in memory of our friend and sister.

A rich inheritance was hers. Of Huguenot ancestry and tradition, from a father of upright character, missionary zeal, of a love for moral and religious reform, of active kindness in his home, and from a mother of like heart and character.

Massachusetts and Springfield, where eighty years ago the best of New England was concentrated, gave to her its education and environment.

Mary Lyon, as she came and went in her home, gave to her mind its vision of the value of a Christian education and the beauty of sacrifice.

When, in mature womanhood, marriage to a prosperous young physician gave her a new life-environment, there was prospect of a smooth and easy life in the well-worn grooves, in the old, familiar surroundings. But individuality added another factor to circumstances, and the wife, after four years of marriage, saw that a new field was necessary to the full development of the husband's abilities, and she gave the initiative for the removal to Chicago.

The new claims and demands of the growing west gave the impulse to renewed zeal and to activities of all kinds.

The breadth of Christ's own love came, so far as it may in human measure, to open her heart to the need of non-evangelized nations. As she saw wealth coming from her husband's rare business sagacity and her own counsel, she transformed wealth into power by giving permanent support to two missionaries in Persia and by the gift of a scholarship for students there. An endowment for the education of medical missionaries enabled thousands of those "sick and in prison" to be healed in body and also to be freed from the leprosy of sin.

Two tides of tender human love, as the bereaved husband well says, now united in one strong, smooth stream of unrippled fellowship, but, more than that, it united itself in a gulf-stream of blessing for the world.

Seven girls in the Northwestern University at Evanston soon received through a permanent endowment for that purpose, funds for their living expenses, as scores of girls have received since.

Then needy colleges began to receive from Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons, always counseling together, the gifts which lifted them out of discouragement and debt. Forty-two schools and colleges thus came before them, and their large gifts, amounting to nearly five millions, have sent out in increasing succession thousands of students to bless the world.

From Rollins, Berea and Carleton to Whitman and Pomona they form a golden chain. Who can estimate the beneficent effect of these thousands of students who go out from the Christian colleges thus aided!

John Ruskin speaks of the power of a tender and delicate woman over her husband "as purer than the air and stronger than the seas of earth, nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all the earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite."

The woman's power is for rule, not for battle. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise. Hence she must be enduringly, infallibly and instinctively wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation—wise with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable because infinitely applicable modesty of service.

So Mrs. Pearsons guided wisely with passionate gentleness and modesty of service. She guided! Oh, these past tenses smite the heart and affront the mind; there is no past tense in love and service.

George Eliot's aspirations for immortality—that she might join

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence
In pulses stirred to generosity—In scorn
For miserable aims that end with self—"

have been realized by our sister.

Personal associations emphasize for me the permanent influence in widely scattered fields of gifts which bear her name.

To Carleton college came from Turkey a young Armenian who, in due course of time became an alumnus of Carleton college. Miss Francis C. Gage and Miss Martha A. King had already gone to the Girls' school at Marsovan, closely connected with Anatolia College. Miss King laid down her life there, and Miss Gage, after heroic endurance of the terrible Armenian massacres, came home with shattered nerves. But a beloved, highly-prized teacher at Carleton, who went to be a guest of the two Carleton young women, remains there to carry on their work in the Hannah Pearsons Hall given by our sister.

The young Armenian graduate of Carleton occupies the Chapin chair of mathematics founded by Mrs. Pearsons; another Carleton graduate, Mr. Dana Getchell, is an instructor in the same college, while Mr. Henry H. Riggs, another Carleton graduate, now President of Euphrates College at Harpoot, Turkey, was long an instructor at Anatolia College.

Thus the gift to Carleton and the gifts to Anatolia College, augmented now by the recent endowment of \$50,000, flow together to make permanent the noble character exemplified by our sister and sought by her for all students in Armenia and in all the world. In every student from these two colleges, as well as from the two score and more of other colleges, she lives again in minds made better, in homes transformed, where woman takes her rightful place, lives to "enkindle and ennoble." She will live forever in the children's children of her beneficiaries and in the countless succession of young men and women whom she educated. But, thanks to divine love, not only thus does she live, but she herself, with her own personality, her memories, her purified human love, lives—and

"In solemn troops and sweet societies"

the saints above welcome her.

Those Armenian men and women and children to whom, through her, the gospel was preached; those Persian redeemed ones; those healed of bodily ills and of the leprosy of sin; those who from all parts of our own land have, through her gifts, been illumined, will welcome her "and wipe the tears forever from her eyes"—and from ours.

Rev. Edwin F. Williams, an old and valued friend, summarized Mrs. Pearsons' life briefly in these words:

Mrs. Pearsons was fortunate in her ancestry and her training. She was of the best New England blood and was trained in the best schools of the time.

Social life in Springfield eighty years ago was simple and hearty. Those who lived in that prosperous Connecticut valley village then knew each other and were interested

in each other's welfare. The church was a prominent feature in the village life. Its interests were the personal interests of the family to which Mrs. Pearsons belonged. If the home was a home of refinement, comfort and mutual helpfulness it was preeminently a Christian home. It was a home of high ideals and of strong convictions. Those who went out from it felt themselves under obligation to make their lives count for as much as possible.

Mrs. Pearsons was happy in her marriage. At a ripe age her fortunes were joined to those of a man whose ideals were like her own and who felt as she felt, that life must be made of value to others. In aims and spirit they were one. It was not long before the West and Chicago became their home. The home they established here, New England, in its characteristics, was a home of plenty without ostentation, a home of culture and Christianity. For a quarter of a century in and through this home Mrs. Pearsons and her husband served their Master in connection with the First Presbyterian Church. Opportunities for culture multiplied and were improved. Extensive travel in Europe and the Orient added to knowledge and widened the outlook. Though in later years weakness of body and the care of an invalid sister rendered personal service impossible, interest in missions and in education increased. Into the country home, set up in Hinsdale twenty years ago, there came and were read reports concerning the extension of the Kingdom of God from every part of the world. Here plans were made for the disbursement of the large fortune which had been gained.

Think of it! Two persons with abundant means for the gratification of every desire, sitting down together every day and every evening for more than twenty years and asking each other how best they could use their money.

An ideal life this was! A life of service of the largest and best kind. Few realize how great was the part which Mrs. Pearsons had in the benefactions of her husband. She made the atmosphere of his home. Into it she brought the fragrance of rare personal beauty, grace of manner, sweetness of disposition and unfaltering Christian faith.

Not often do two persons with such far-reaching sympathies and such comprehensive plans for usefulness live and labor together for fifty-nine years and separate only after the great work of life has been accomplished and the fruits of its toils have begun to ripen.

What tender memories there are of her in the home which she has left vacant. For a full year her husband has watched by her bedside night and day, awaiting the hour both knew must come, when she must enter the valley of the shadow of death. Without a fear she listened for the summons of the Master in the firm faith that He would welcome her into His joy. Our hearts are touched with sympathy for him who is left alone, while we rejoice with him in the precious memories he cherishes and the hope he has of everlasting reunion in the world to come.

